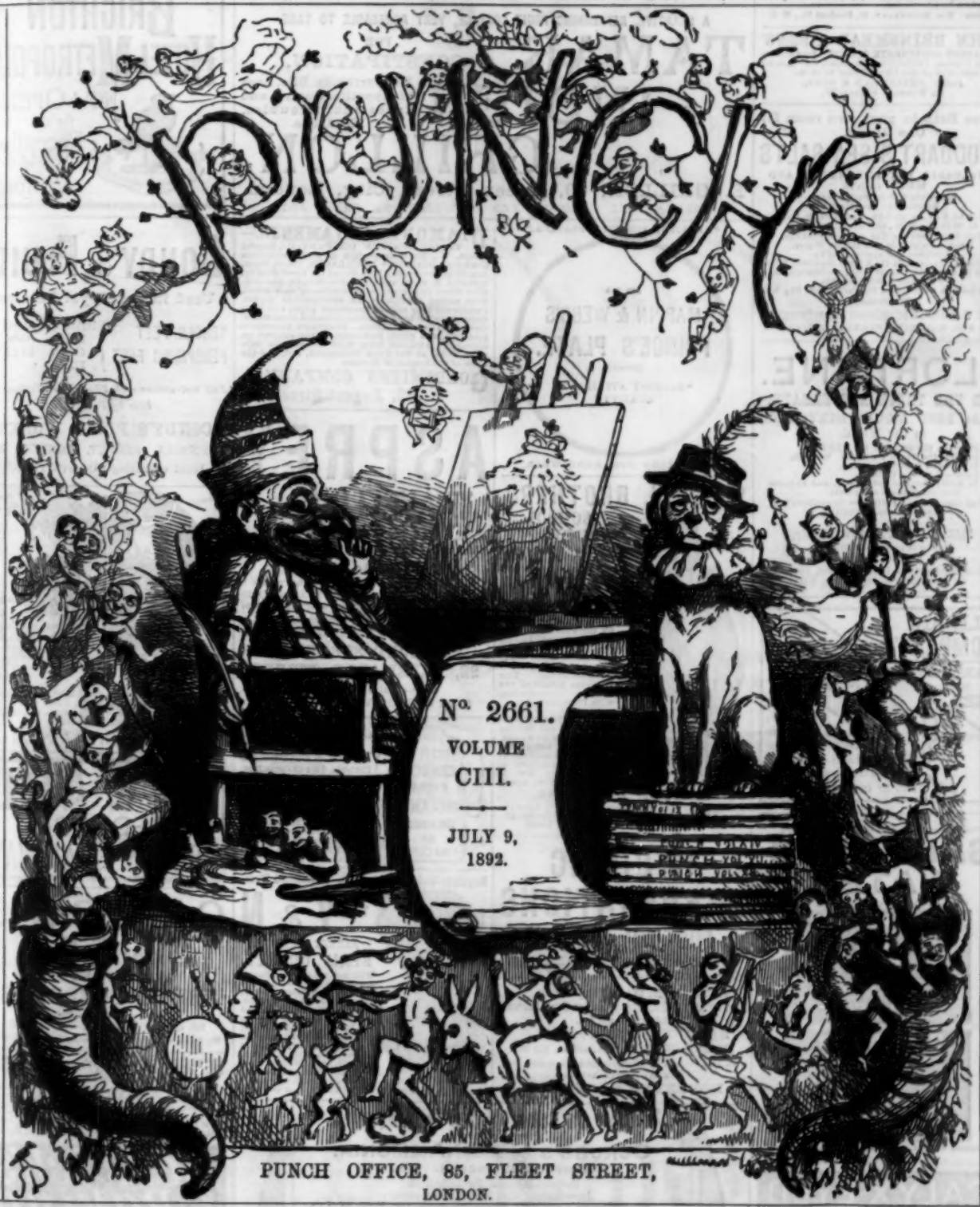
NOTICE.—*The next Volume in the* "JORROCKS" *Edition of the* HANDLEY CROSS *Sporting Novels will be* **HAWBUCK GRANGE** *with a number of Illustrations and a Coloured Frontispiece. To be Published on the 26th.*

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LD., Bouverie St., E.C.



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

SCHWEPPE'S TABLE WATERS

Continue to be supplied to Her Majesty the Queen.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.]

THE NAULAHKA: A Story of West and East. By RUDYARD KIPLING and WOLCOTT BALESTIER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford St., W.C.

THE OLD MAIDS' CLUB. By L. ERNOWITT, Author of "The Bachelors' Club." With 44 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford St., W.C.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS. Iron Consolidated Frames, Patent Check Actions, &c. Are for Sale, Hire, and on the Three Years' System.
JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS, 18, WIGMORE STREET, W.

A Sea Bath in your own room for One Penny.
STODDART'S SEA SALTS
INVALUABLE FOR RHEUMATISM AND WEAK JOINTS.
Established Over Forty Years.
Registered Trade Mark.
Sold in 6d. 1-lb., 1s. 2d. 7-lb., and 2s. 14-lb. Boxes; 4s. 28-lb., 8s. 56-lb., and 16s. 112-lb. Bags.
Full Directions for Use on each Package.
Readily Soluble in Hot or Cold Water.
Analysed and approved of by
ARTHUR H. HASSALL, M.D., & OTTO HEHNER, F.C.S.
Sold by Chemists, Patent Medicine Dealers, &c.
Wholesale London Agents,
BARCLAY & SONS, Lo., 95, Farringdon St., E.C.
Proprietors,
A. & J. WARREN, Wholesale and Export Druggists,
29 & 34, REDCLIFF STREET, BRISTOL.

FLORILINE.
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.
Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Is perfectly harmless, and
Delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.
Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world. 2s. 6d. per bottle.
FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only,
Put up in glass jars. Price 1s.
Prepared only by
The Anglo-American Drug Company, Limited,
38, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S
EXTRACT OF BEEF
J. v. Liebig
See Signature (as above) in Blue Ink across the Label on each Jar of the Genuine Extract.
Keeps for any Length of Time.

The Medical Profession strongly recommend
SALUTARIS WATER,
Pure Distilled Water Aerated.
SALUTARIS
Pure Distilled
Aerated
WATER
ORDINARY
Typhoid Cholera
Diphtheria
WATER
Salutaris Water Co., 258 Fulham Road, London.

CALYX-EYED NEEDLES.
Invaluable for failing sight. Sample Packets, Post Free, 2d., from HENRY MILWARD & SONS, WORCESTER MILLS, REDDITCH.

S. & H. HARRIS'S HARNESS COMPOSITION (WATERPROOF).
SADDLE PASTE. (WATERPROOF).
S. & H. HARRIS'S EBONITE BLACKING (WATERPROOF). For Boots, Shoes, Harness, and all Black Leather articles.
POLISHING PASTE. FOR CLEANING METALS AND GLASS.
S. & H. HARRIS. Manufactory: LONDON, E.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE.
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.
FOR CONSTIPATION, Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Loss of Appetite, Gastric and Intestinal Troubles, Headache.
E. GRILLON, 69, Queen Street, City, London.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. *A BOX.*

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."
ASK FOR
MAPPIN & WEBB'S
PRINCE'S PLATE.
(REGD.)
"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY."
"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.—The GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, Regent Street, W., invite inspection of their unrivalled display of DIAMOND NECKLACES, Tiaras, Stars, Bracelets, Brooches, Rings, &c., of the finest quality, mounted in novel and exclusive designs, and supplied direct to the public at merchants' cash prices, thus saving purchasers all intermediate profits. Purchasers may select unmounted gems, and have them mounted to special designs in the Goldsmiths' Company's own workshops. Illustrated Catalogues post free, and goods forwarded to the country on approval. Awarded Nine Gold Medals, the only Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition, 1889, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour.
GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, Regent Street, W.

SAMUEL BROTHERS. SCHOOL OUTFITS.

"ETON" SUIT.
Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS have ready for immediate use a very large assortment of BOYS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING. They will also be pleased to send, upon application, PATTERNS OF MATERIALS for the wear of Gentlemen, Boys, or Ladies, together with their new ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing about 878 Engravings. This furnishes details of the various departments, with Price Lists, &c.
BLISS'S Chipping Norton Riding and Suiting Tweeds, Cheviots, Homespuns, Serges, &c. A very large assortment of the productions of this eminent firm is always kept in stock.
SAMUEL BROTHERS,
Merchant Tailors, Outfitters, &c., 65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C. Workshops: Pilgrim St., Ludgate Hill; and 66, Gray's Inn Road.

ASPREY TRAVELLING BAGS.
OF THE BEST QUALITY, WITH SILVER FITTINGS.
£7 7 0 to £250.
The World says:—"Anyone who wants a dressing-bag turns naturally to ASPREY's in Bond Street, and there one may be sure of seeing all the new improvements."
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.
166, BOND STREET, & 22, ALBEMARLE STREET.
Factory and Wholesale at
8 and 9, SHERWOOD STREET, W.

Gentlemen who appreciate the luxury of a perfect-fitting Shirt should try
TAAFFE & COLDWELL'S
Perfecta, 6 for 23 - post free, 20 per cent. under usual retail prices. Send 5/6 for sample, stating size of collar, chest, and height. MONEY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED OF. Made to special measure or pattern, no extra charge.
TAAFFE & COLDWELL, 81, GRAFTON ST., DUBLIN.

HYGIENIC PREPARATIONS FOR THE TEETH.
Prepared by A. FRIEDERICH,
Dentist to His Majesty the late King of Holland.
ELIXIR, 1s. 2d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle.
TOOTH PASTE, Peppermint or Clove Flavour, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per pot.
IDEAL TOOTH PASTE, 1s. per pot.
TOOTH POWDER, 3d., 6d., and 1s. per box.
To be obtained of all Perfumers, Chemists, &c.
SOLE WHOLESALE AGENTS:
R. HOVENDEN & SONS, London.

Exquisite Model. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

THE **Y & N** PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET.
Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. 'The most comfortable corset ever made.' LADY'S PICT. Made in White, Black, and all the fashionable Colours and Shades, or Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil, also in the new Sanitary Woollen Cloth, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair, and upwards. Sold by all the Principal Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters in the united kingdom & colonies.
THREE GOLD MEDALS.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.
SCRUBB'S (CLOUDY HOUSEHOLD) AMMONIA.
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.
Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing, &c.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
1s. bottle for six to ten baths.
Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.
SCRUBB & Co., 15 Red Cross Street, S.E.

OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL.
ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM.

BRIGHTON HOTEL METROPOLE
NOW OPEN for the Reception of Visitors.

CONDY'S FLUID.
Used in the Royal Palaces.
TENDER FEET / PERSPIRING FEET — Instantly relieved by bathing them in diluted CONDY'S FLUID.
Full instructions and Physicians' Testimonials Free by Post from
CONDY'S FLUID WORKS,
TURNMILL STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Insist on having "CONDY'S FLUID."

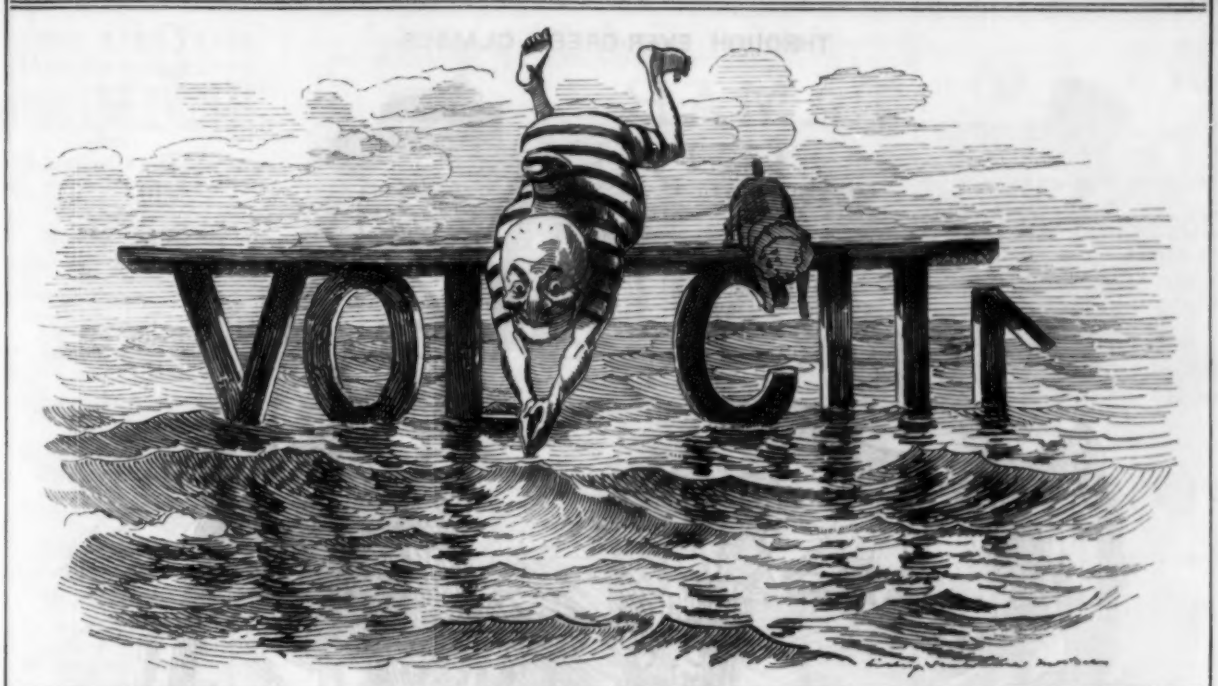
This refreshing PERFUMED Essence is a positive SAFEGUARD and PREVENTIVE against being bitten by INSECTS OF ALL KINDS. A little of it applied to the face, hands, neck, &c., effectually prevents annoyance, and Prevents the biting of Mosquitoes, Midges, Gnats, Fleas, Flies, &c.
Bottles of all Chemists, &c., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., or direct from Sole Agents,
ROBERTS & CO., Foreign Chemists,
76, New Bond St., W., and Rue de la Paix, 5, Paris.

HOWARD BEDFORD PORTABLE RAILWAY

CHUBB'S SAFES
WILL PREVENT JEWEL ROBBERIES.
PRICE LIST SENT FREE.
128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.;
68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, Pall Mall, London.

TENERIFE (CANARY ISLANDS) CIGARS.
"REPUBLICANOS FEDERALES."
A Delicious Weed of a novel shape. Mild, Aromatic, and Delicate. (Awarded Gold Medal and Diploma.) In bundles of 10 (two sizes), 1s. 5d. and 2s. 5d. (Postage 2d. extra); 17s. and 21s. per 100, Post Free.
BEWLAY & CO. (Ltd.), 49, Strand, W.C.; 74, Strand (East India House), and 143, Cheapside, E.C. Est. 1760.

Borwick's Baking Powder.
THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.
PERFECTLY PURE, AND FREE FROM ALUM.



SIMPLE AS A "B" "C."

DEAR EX-CHANCELLOR WITH A PAST,—I AM sorry to have to address you, especially as to you I owe my promotion. But matters are coming to a crisis, and the Fatherland is suffering from your indiscretions. You are making a great mistake—you are, indeed.

Now, I ask you, what would you do under the following circumstances? Supposing you were in my position, what would you do if your predecessor held you up to ridicule, spoilt all your favourite diplomatic plans, insulted your employer, and made himself generally disagreeable all round? You must know, my good Prince, that you are sowing dissension in every direction. You are embroiling us with Russia, and running the chance of a war with France. Moreover, you are breaking the very laws you made for the solitary purpose of meeting the case you have raised yourself! So now, with every kindly recollection of the past, tell me why I don't arrest you, why I don't put you into prison, why I don't break your power once and for ever?

Yours truly, VON C——.

Reply to the above.

DEAR CHANCELLOR, WITHOUT A FUTURE,—I will answer you why you do not arrest me? The simple reason is that you, my dear friend, are not BISMARCK. And I am, yours truly,

VON B——.

A CORRESPONDENT signing himself "ONE WHO LIVES AND LEARNS," wishes to know what is the meaning of the expression, "The Minute Gun at Sea?" We will tell him. "A Minute Gun" is, of course, a very small one. When it goes wrong, it is "at sea." No extra charge for this gun.

MEM.—You can't expect much from the Speakers at a Convention, where the Speeches must be Conventional.

"HAPPY THOUGHT!"—Mr. JOHN THOMAS'S Grand Harp Concert.

A WILDE IDEA.

OR, MORE INJUSTICE TO IRELAND!

THE licence for the production of his French Play of *Salomé*, accepted by SARAH B., having been refused by the Saxon Licenser of Plays, The O'SCAR, dreams of becoming a French Citizen, but doesn't quite "see himself," at the beginning of his career, as a conscript in the French Army, and so, to adapt the Gilbertian lines, probably—

"In spite of great temptation
To French na-tu-ra-li-sa-tion,
He 'll remain an Irishman!"

MY PUGGY!

[A Correspondent writes to the *Standard* in praise of pugs, as the most useful household dogs to prevent burglaries.]

WHO bears, despite a wrinkled skin,
A heart that 's soft and warm within,
And hates a visitor like sin?—
My puggy!

Who has a little temper of
His own, and sports a winter cough,
And thinks himself a mighty toff?—
My puggy!

Whose voice, disturbing midnight rest,
Do wily house-breakers detest,
And move to some less guarded nest?—
My puggy's!

Who does not, like a stupid cat,
'Gainst burglars' boots rub himself flat,—
Soliciting a felon's pat?—
My puggy!

And when the burglar's body 's half
Inside the sash, with doggish laugh,
Who masticates his nearest calf?—
My puggy!

Who owns a phiz (which *I* could hug),
That 's called by stupid boys an ugly sulky unattractive "mug?"—
My puggy!

OUR old friend, Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, has been sightseeing in the country. Being asked whether she had seen the Midgetts, she said, "Don't mention 'em, my dear! I've seen 'em, and felt 'em—thousands of 'em—they very nearly closed my eyes up."

THROUGH EVER-GREEN GLASSES.

["On the side of those poor men who constitute the Irish nation, with their few and disparaged leaders, we have found a consideration, a calmness, and a liberality of view, a disposition to interpret everything in the best sense, and to make every concession that could possibly bring harmony about."—*Mr. Gladstone in Edinburgh.*]

AIR—"*The Wearing of the Green.*"

Ever-Green Statesman sings:—

OCH, Erin dear, and did ye hear the cry that 's going round?
The Home-Rule plant they would forbid to grow on Irish ground.
I had my doubts at one time, but more clearly I have seen
Since I took—in shamrock spectacles—to Wearing of the Green.

Chorus.

I 'm Ever-Green myself, ye know, so take me by the hand,
And tell me how Ould Oireland is, and how our chances stand.
'Tis the most disthressful country, dear, that ever yet was seen;
But I 'm sworn to right ye, darlint, now I 'm Wearing of the Green!

With unsurpassed frivolity and cruelty, 'tis said,
That you, Mavourneen, wish to set your heel on Ulster's head.
If *you*, who under Orange foot so long time have been trod,
Would trample down your tyrants old, it would be passing odd.

Chorus.—I 'm Ever-Green myself, ye know, &c.

When the law can stop your friends, my dear, from growing as they grow,
When the Tories stop my "flowing tide" from flowing as 'twill flow,
Then I will change the colour, dear, that in my specs is seen,
But until that day, please Heaven, I 'll stick to Wearing of the Green.

Chorus.

I am Ever-Green myself as is your own dear Emerald Land,
And that is why the Green Isle's case I 've learned to understand.
'Tis the most disthressful country, yours, that ever yet was seen;
But *I 'll* right ye. Twig my glasses, dear! I 'm Wearing of the Green!

THE LAST TRAIN.

It will fade from mortal vision,
So the fashion-plates ordain;
Worthy subject of derision,
Not the mail, but female, train!

It has goaded men to mutter
Words unhappily profane,
Trailed in ball-room or in gutter,
Whether cheap or first-class train.

Far and wide, on floor and paving,
Spread the dress to catch the swain;
Sometimes long—in distance waving;
Sometimes wide—a "broad-gauge train."

It has dragged a long existence
Through the dust, the mud, the rain,
Great is feminine persistence,
She would never lose the train.

Booby-traps were beaten hollow,
Hapless man stepped back in vain,
Knowing what a trip would follow
If he only caught the train!

Oh, the anguish that it gave us,
Quite unnecessary pain!
WORTH, not WESTINGHOUSE, will save us,
And at last will stop the train!

MRS. R., hearing her Nephew say that he had been discussing some "Two-year-old Stakes" with a friend, observed that she was afraid they must have been dreadfully tough, adding, after consideration, "Perhaps they were frozen meat."

AN EXCITING TIME.

POOR JONES IS CONVINCED THAT HIS WORST FEARS ARE AT LAST REALISED, AND HE *IS* LEFT ALONE WITH A *DANGEROUS LUNATIC!!* (IT WAS ONLY LITTLE WOBBLES RUNNING ANXIOUSLY OVER THE POINTS OF HIS COMING SPEECH TO THE ELECTORS OF PLUMPWELL-ON-TYME!!)

THE CANDIDATE'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

(In Answer to a Sweep asking for a F.O. Clerkship.)

MY DEAR MR. ——,

NOTHING would give me greater pleasure than to secure for your interesting son a Clerkship in the Foreign Office. The fact that he has a distaste for the profession to which you belong would be no disqualification. I agree with you that chimney-sweeping is better than diplomacy. However, if he won't help you it can't be helped. I am exceptionally busy just now, but please repeat the purport of your letter after the Election. Who knows I may not be in a better position then than now to assist you, Yours sincerely,

SOPHT SAWDER.

(In Answer to a Letter about meeting a Duchess.)

MY DEAR MADAM,

YES, I have the honour of the Duchess's acquaintance. As you say, Her Grace's "at homes" are charming, but of course they are not equal to her dinners. I shall be only too pleased if I can bring about a meeting with the Duchess.

I am exceptionally busy just now, but please repeat the purport of your letter after the Election. Who knows I may not be in a better position then than now to assist you.

Yours sincerely, SOPHT SAWDER.

(In Answer to all Letters generally.)

MY DEAR ——,

OF course I shall be only too delighted to help you in any way in my power. You may always command me—only too pleased, only too overjoyed. But the fact is, I am just now exceptionally busy. Please repeat the purport of your letter after the Election. Who knows I may not be in a better position then than now to assist you. Yours sincerely, SOPHT SAWDER.

(Common Form Reply to Answers to the above.)

MR. SOPHT SAWDER, M.P., presents his compliments to ——, and begs to say that he has no recollection of having promised anything. Mr. S. S. regrets to say that he has no time for an interview.

PRICKLE-ME-UPS.

SIR,—I am delighted to observe that some Constant Contributors (to other papers, not yours, Sir) are making dietetic experiments on Nettles. Perhaps you would allow me to mention that Groundsel Salad is a delicious dish, when you get used to it, and that a *Purée* of Chickweed rarely fails to create delighted astonishment at a crowded dinner-table. Bramble Pie is another excellent recipe straight from Dame Nature's Cookery Book. With great care, it is possible to cook Thistles in such a way as to make them taste just like Artichokes. My family often has these and similar delicacies at their mid-day meal, when I am away in the City.

Yours truly, LOVER OF ECONOMY.

SIR,—I saw that letter about eating Nettles. Of course it's all rot (if you will excuse the expression), but I thought it would be fun to try the nettle diet on my Uncle JAMES, who never gives me a tip when I go to visit him. although my Mother says he's as rich as Creesers, though I don't know who they are. So I got one or two good stinging ones (I knew they were stingers, because I tried them on Cook first) and cut off little bits and put them in Uncle JAMES's sandwiches, which he always has for lunch. It was awful larks to watch him eat them. I thought he'd have a fit. Then I said good-bye, and I haven't been near him since. But I got Cook to take him in a dock-leaf from me, and I hope he ate it after the sandwiches. I thought it might do him good. I'm going to try nettle sandwiches on a boy I know at school, who's a beast. I expect it will give him nettle-rash. No more now from Yours respectfully, TOMMY.

SIR,—I frequently recommend patients suffering from advanced atrophy to try Nettle Broth. I must say that I am myself nettled, when they reply that they prefer the advanced atrophy. A good counter-irritant in cases of blood-poisoning is a stout holly leaf, *eaten raw*. In serious cases of collapse, if a patient can be got to consume a cactus or a prickly pear, the stimulative effect is really surprising. In the absence of these products of the vegetable kingdom, a hedge-stake, taken directly after a meal, will do equally well.

Yours professionally, SOLUBLE SALT, F.R.C.P.

AT THE WILD WEST.

(A Sketch at Earl's Court.)

The Orator's Opening Discourse (as heard in the back rows). Ladies and Gentlemen, I desire to draw your attention to an important fact. It will be my pleasure to introduce to you. . . (*"The real American popcorn, equally famous in Paris and London, tuppence each packet!" from Vendor in gangway*) . . . history and life of the . . . (*"'Buffalo Bill Puzzle,' one penny!" from another vendor behind*) . . . impress one fact upon your minds; this is not . . . (*roar and rattle of passing train*) . . . in the ordinary or common acceptation of. . . (*"Puff-puff-puff!" from engine shunting trucks*) . . . Many unthinking persons have said. . . (*Piercing and prolonged scream from same engine.*) This is not so. On the contrary. . . (*Metallic bangs from trucks.*) Men and animals are. . . (*"Programmes! Opera-glasses on hire!"*) . . . purely the creatures of. .

[*Remainder of remarks hopelessly lost amidst the clank of coupling chains, whistles, snorts and puffs from shunting engine.*

An Old Lady in Audience. He has such a beautiful clear voice, we *ought* to hear every word. If *I* were Buffalo BILL, I should positively insist on the trains keeping quiet while the Orator was speaking!

Orator (during the Grand Processional Review). A Troop of Arapahoe Indians!

[*Band strikes up; a party of painted Indians gallop into Arena, uttering little puppy-like barks.*

An Artistic Lady (shuddering). Look at that creature with a raw pink body, and a pea-green face—it 's too *frightful*, and such *crude* yellows! I *wish* they could be taught to paint themselves some *decent* colour!

Her Sister. Really, dear, as far as *decency* is concerned, I don't exactly see what difference the mere *colour* would make.

Her Husband. That isn't quite what EMILY meant. She 'd like to enamel 'em all in Art shades and drape Liberty scarves round 'em, like terra-cotta drainpipes or wicker-chairs—eh, EMILY?

Emily (loftily). Oh, my dear HENRY, I wasn't speaking to *you*. I know what a contempt you have for all that makes a home beautiful!

Henry. Meaning Indians? My love, I respect them and admire them—at a distance; but, plain *or* coloured, I cannot admit that they would be decorative as furniture—even in *your* drawing-room!

[EMILY *endures him in silence.*

Orator. A party of Women of the Ogallalla Tribe!

[*Three mounted Indian ladies in blankets—walk their horses slowly round the Arena, crooning "Aye-eia-ha-ya-hee-hi-ya!" with every sign of enjoying their own performance.*

A Poetical Lady. What strange wild singing it is, JOHN! There 's something so creepy about it, somehow.

John (a prosaic but frivolous person). There is, indeed. It explains *one* thing I never quite understood before, though.

The Poetical Lady. I thought it would impress you—but what does it explain?

John. The reason why the buffalo in those parts has so entirely died out.

A Rigid Matron (during the Emigrant Train Scene). I don't care to see a girl ride in that bold way myself. I 'm sure it *must* be so unsexing for them. And what *is* she about now, with that man? They 're actually having a duel with knives—on *horseback* too! not at *all* a nice thing for any young girl to do. There! she 's pulled out a pistol and shot him—and galloped off as if nothing had happened! I have always heard that American girls were allowed a good *deal* of liberty—but I'd really no idea they went as far as this! I should be sorry indeed to see any girl of *mine* (*here she glances instructively at three dumpy and dough-faced Daughters*) acting in that forward and *most* unfeminine manner. (*Reassuringly.*) But I 'm very sure there 's no fear of *that*, is there, dears?

[*The Daughters repudiate with gratifying unanimity any desire to shoot gentlemen on horseback.*

A Bloodthirsty Boy (as the hostile Indians attack the train). Will the Indians *scalp* anybody, Uncle?

His Uncle. No, my boy, they don't let 'em get near enough for that, you see! [*The Indians are ignominiously chased off by Cowboys.*

The Boy (disappointed). They 'd a splendid chance of scalping the Orator that time—and not one of them even saw it!

Orator. Captain JACK BURTZ, of the United States Army, will now give you an example of his phenomenal Lightning Drill.

[*The Captain takes up his position with an air of fierce resolution, and proceeds to do wonderful things with a rifle and fixed bayonet, which he treats with a familiarity bordering on contempt.*

A Lady (to a Military Friend—as the Captain twirls the rifle rapidly round his neck). Have you ever seen anyone drill like that before?

The Mil. F. Saw CINQUEVALLI do something very like it at the Empire. But *he* had a cannon-ball as well.

The Lady. Look at him now—he 's making the gun revolve upside down with the bayonet on the palm of his hand! Could *you* do that?

The M. F. Not without drilling a hole in myself.

The Lady. It really is wonderful that he shouldn't feel the point, isn't it now?

The M. F. Well, I don't see much point *in* it myself—but so long as it amuses him, I daresay it 's all right.

[*The Captain discharges the gun in the air and retires at the double, feeling that his country's safety is secure for the present.* JOHNNY BAKER, *the young American Marksman, appears and exhibits his skill in shooting upside down.*

The Rigid Matron. He missed one that time—he 's not quite such a good shot as the girl was.

One of the Daughters. Oh, but, Mother, you forget! Miss ANNIE OAKLEY didn't stand on *her*——

The R. M. (in an awful voice). I am perfectly aware of *that*, EUPHEMIA; so pray don't make such unnecessary remarks!

[EUPHEMIA *subsides in confusion.*

An Unsophisticated Spectator (as Master BAKER, *after rubbing his forehead, discovers a brickbat under the mat where his head had been).* Now, how *very* odd! He found a brick in exactly the same place when I was here before! Someone must have a grudge against him, poor boy! But he ought to look *before* he stands on his head, next time!

"I am perfectly aware of *that*, Euphemia!"

Mr. Timmerman (carelessly, to his wife, as the Deadwood Coach is introduced). It would be rather fun to have a ride in the Coach—new experience and all that.

Mrs. T. (who doesn't intend him to go). Oh, do be *careful* then.

Mr. T. (feeling quite the Daredevil). Pooh, my dear, what is there to be careful about?

Mrs. T. It does look such a ramshackle old thing—it might break down. Accidents do happen so quickly.

Mr. T. (reflecting that they certainly do). Oh, if it wasn't perfectly safe, they wouldn't——

Mrs. T. Well, promise me if you go on the box to hold on tight round the corners, then!

Mr. T. (who doesn't see much to hold on by). I shan't *go* on the box—I shall go inside.

Mrs. T. There mayn't be room. There are several people waiting to go already. You 'll have to make haste to get a seat at all. I shall be *miserable* till I see you safe back again!

Mr. T. (who is not sure he doesn't share her feelings). Oh well, if you feel like *that* about it, I won't——

Mrs. T. Oh, yes, do, I *want* you to go—it will be so exciting for you to see real Indians yelling and shooting all round.

Mr. T. (*thinking that it may be more exciting than pleasant*). Might bring on one of my headaches, and there'll be such a smell of gunpowder too. I hardly think, after all, it's worth while.

Mrs. T. If you feel in the least *nervous* about it. (Mr. T. *denies this indignantly.*) Then go at once—you may never have the chance again; only don't stay talking about it—go!

Mr. T. (*pulling himself together*). Very well, if you really wish it. . . . Confound it! *Most* annoying, really! (*Sits down relieved.*) They've started! It's all *your* fault, if you hadn't kept me here talking!

Mrs. T. (*humbly*). I *am* so sorry—but there's another performance in the evening; we might dine here, and then you could easily go on the Coach afterwards if you're so anxious to!

Mr. T. And sit through the show twice in one day? No, good as it is, I really—and I've some letters I must write after dinner, too.

[Mrs. T. *smiles to herself discreetly, satisfied with having gained her point.*

UNOPPOSED ELECTION.

ON Saturday last, being the first day permissible under the statute, the nomination of a Knight to serve in Parliament for the Shire of Barks, was held in the county town. The proceedings were marked by a pleasing unanimity, and an outburst of popular enthusiasm which seriously tried the resources of the local police. There was only one candidate—TOBY once more M.P. The nomination paper was signed by *Mr. Punch*, MR. GLADSTONE, Lord SALISBURY, and most of the Crowned Heads of Europe.

The Sheriff inquired if it were desired to nominate any other Gentleman. (*A Voice—"I should think not!"*) There being no other response, the Sheriff declared the Hon. Gentleman duly elected, and said he would like to be permitted to forego his fees, if indeed any were due.

In response to loud calls from the assembled crowd, *Mr. Punch* said he had great pleasure in recommending his young friend to the suffrages of this important constituency. (*Cheers.*) He called him young, for though he had been on his (*Mr. Punch's*) establishment for over fifty years, he was very little altered. There were some people who never grew old (*A Voice—"Bully for you, Mr. Punch!"*) and amongst them he might include his faithful follower, whom they had just unanimously re-elected Member for Barks. He trusted that in the future, his young friend would pursue the course honourably followed by him in the past. (*"Hear! Hear!"*) This was the fourth Parliament to which he had been elected, and he trusted it would not be the last. (*Cheers.*) He might perhaps allude to a rumour current in the ordinary channels of information, which seemed to point to their friend's transference to another place. He had the authority of TOBY, M.P., to say that, as far as his freedom

of action is concerned—and *Mr. Punch* thanked Heaven this is still free England—(*loud cheers*)—that prognostication would never be realised. The highest honour ever done to his friend, was the selection of him by the men of Barks to represent them in the Commons House of Parliament. (*Renewed cheering.*) His fullest pleasure was

THE IMPORTANCE OF EXTERNALS.

"BUT WHY DON'T YOU SEND FOR DR. MASHER, AUNT JANE? HE'S THE CLEVEREST DOCTOR IN THE WHOLE COUNTY!"

"OH, MY DEAR, I COULDN'T! HE *DRESSES* SO IRRELIGIOUSLY!"

to retain their confidence and to serve them and posterity to the utmost extent of his power and opportunity. (*Disturbance at the rear of the hall; cries of "Put him out!" "Sit on 'is 'ead!"*) *Mr. Punch* begged they would do no such thing. It would be sure to give way under pressure. (*Laughter.*) In conclusion, he begged to thank them for the honour they had done his friend, and he might add, themselves.

There were loud cries for TOBY, M.P., but the Hon. Member begged to be excused from making a speech on this occasion. For one reason he shrank from coming into competition in the lists of platform-speaking with his revered friend and Leader. Another thing was, he was really so overcome by the honour just done him, that he could not trust himself to speak. He would write—as soon as the new Parliament met.

After the customary votes of thanks had been carried by acclamation, the new Member was hoisted shoulder-high by the enthusiastic mob, and carried off to his country residence, The Kennel, Barks, where he will remain during the Recess.

Votes and the Man!

"ONE Man, one Vote!" A fine, fair-sounding plan!
Would we could also get "One Vote, one *Man!*"
Then we might also reach, "One Vote, one value."
But, England, you have never found, nor shall you,
Alas! (despite the democracy's promoter)
That real manhood always marks the voter;
Or fearing neither knave's device, nor "rough" rage,
We'd trust the State to a *true* Manhood Suffrage!

FROM TAPLOW.

First 'Arry. I'll tell you a good name for a Riverside Inn—"*The 'Av-a-launch.*"

Second 'Arry. I'll tell you a better—"The 'Ave-a-lunch." Come along!

WHITE LIES.

Frisky Spinster. "HOW MANY DANCES ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME TO-NIGHT, CAPTAIN WAXHAM?"

Captain Waxham. "OH, I'M SO SORRY, BUT THERE'S NOT ENOUGH MEN, YOU KNOW, AND I'VE JUST BEEN TOLD OFF BY MRS. MASHAM TO DANCE WITH THE GIRLS WHO—A—WHO ARE NOT LIKELY TO GET PARTNERS!"

[*Asks the Girl just behind him for three Waltzes and a Polka!*

"CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS."

(*A Song of the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's.*)

AIR—"*Killaloe.*"

CLOSED! The long wild whillaloo
That oft smacked of "Killaloe,"
The contagious wrath of Buskin and of Sock
Hath abated for awhile,
And no more the Emerald Isle
On the stage and in the green-room seems to shock.
The curtain is rung down,
The comedian and the clown,
With the sombre putter-on of tragic airs,
Are gone, with all the cast,
And the Theatre, at last,
Is "Closed for Alterations and Repairs."

They may cheer for GLADSTONE hearty,
For BALFOUR or MCCARTHY,
This, that, or t'other party,
As it pleases them to do.
They may howl like Mænads crazy,
For policies dark and hazy;
New stars ere long
The stage may throng,
To play in pieces new.

The managerial soul
Though relieved, upon the whole,
From the six years' run, and all its stir and strain;
Feels anxiety, no doubt,
As to "stars" which may go out,
And others that may probably remain.
He has run a popular play,
Which the Treasury says will pay,
Despite of gallery hisses, groundling blares;
But there's care upon his face,
'Tis a most expensive place,
And 'tis "Closed for Alterations and Repairs."

They may cheer, &c.

No doubt there has been fun,
But the piece has had its run,
And now from stage and playbill disappears.
Now east, west, north, and south,
The quidnuncs are giving mouth.
Till the Manager would gladly close his ears.
Two companies, neither loth,
Seek his suffrages, and both
Have a *répertoire* that half attracts, half scares.
He's aware it will need *nous*
To make choice. Meanwhile the House,
Is "Closed for Alterations and Repairs."

They may cheer, &c.

Much money must be spent
Ere the public is content.
Says the Manager, "By Jingo, I'm perplext.
Shall I keep on SALISBURY,
Or engage old W. G.,
And what's the piece that I shall put on next?
Well, no more need be said,
Till July has fully sped,
And August brings the Autumn Season's cares,
Then we'll learn the cast and play—
'Tis sufficient for to-day
That we've 'Closed for Alterations and Repairs.'

They may cheer the Old Man hearty,
Brave BALFOUR, mild MCCARTHY,
This, that, or t'other party,
As it pleases 'em to do.
Their noise half drives me crazy,
The future's rather hazy,
But interest strong,
I trust, ere long,
Will crowd my House anew!"

OH, SAUNDERSON, MY COLONEL!

AIR—"*John Anderson, my Jo!*"

OH, SAUNDERSON, my Colonel,
You're stout and eloquent,
But boding as the raven.
Knock ninety-nine per cent.
From your Cassandra prophecies,
As bogeyish as eternal,
And you'll be nearer to the truth,
Brave SAUNDERSON, my Colonel!

Oh, SAUNDERSON, my Colonel,
Could you but pull together,
Orange and Green, a truce were seen
To bigotry and blether.
'Tis *they* that keep the Emerald Isle
In pother so infernal.
Drop hate and fear, try love and trust,
Brave SAUNDERSON, my Colonel!

OBVIOUS.—The *Daily News* reports the mysterious disappearance from the Government Saw Mills at Portsmouth, of 2,570 feet of deal. "No one can say," it is added, "what became of the wood." Why, it walked off of course, with so many feet the temptation was irresistible.

"CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS."

MR. PUNCH. "CHANGE OF ACTORS AND PROGRAMME, EH, MR. BULL?"
MR. JOHN BULL (*Manager and Proprietor*). "CAN'T TELL YET, MR. PUNCH,—DON'T OPEN TILL AUGUST!"

A FUTURE DIPLOMAT.

"MUMMIE, DEAR, YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME ENOUGH SUGAR FOR MY STRAWBERRIES!" (*Mummie helps him to some more sugar.*) "*Now*, MUMMIE, YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME ENOUGH STRAWBERRIES FOR MY SUGAR!"

[*Mummie helps him to more Strawberries!*

ELECTION NOTES.

(*By Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner.*)

THE excitement is getting terrific. In the principal streets party flags are waving gaily. In the suburbs every other house is hidden beneath vast posters, setting forth the merits of the rival parties. The Association of Jam-Dealers held a private meeting last night. I was, however, enabled to be present having disguised myself as Mr. BLACKFORD, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Association, who was taken ill at the last moment, and whose letter of excuse for non-attendance I managed to intercept. The proceedings opened with prayer, on the model of the recent Ulster Convention. After this, the discussion began. A series of questions had, it appears, been addressed to both Candidates. Here they are:—

(1) Will you oppose any attempt to increase the import of foreign jam-stuffs?

(2) Will you support a measure making it compulsory for the London Co-operative Stores to sell only Jam manufactured by the Bunkham Jam-Dealers' Association?

(3) Will you oppose any measure calculated to deprive the rising generation of one of the necessaries of life in the shape of Bunkham Jam? And will you therefore oppose, by all lawful Parliamentary means, the use of the domestic rod as a punishment for so-called Jam-stealing out of store-room cupboards?

(4) Which do you prefer, gooseberries, raspberries, or strawberries?

(5) Will you advocate a tax of twopence per pot on all jam not manufactured in the Bunkham district?

Both Candidates had sent written replies. But it was generally felt that on the answers to the fourth question the vote of the meeting would depend. Bunkham is a district in which raspberries and gooseberries are almost exclusively grown. Now it is well-known that Mr. PLEDGER, the Liberal Candidate, has an almost passionate affection for strawberry-jam, and much interest was shown as to whether he would be true to his favourite food, or renounce it in order to capture votes. I am glad to say that the honourable gentleman refused to palter with his convictions. In a manly and straightforward answer, he declined to be a party to "a system of espionage which had invaded the breakfast table, and might go far to make even luncheon intolerable."

"From my youth up," he continued, "I have never wavered in the conviction, that of all known preserves, strawberry-jam is both the best, and the most sustaining. I should disgrace myself if I were now, at the eleventh hour, to declare a preference which I do not honestly feel for gooseberry or raspberry."

This, of course, settled the matter. Mr. TUFFAN declared emphatically against the obnoxious strawberry; and the result was that the Association, by an enormous majority, decided to support him. The Liberals were at first much discouraged, but they have now taken heart again. One of their Canvassers, it seems, has succeeded in making himself a *persona grata* to a lady who occupies the position of under-housemaid in the establishment of the TUFFANS. Through her he obtained an empty pot of strawberry-jam, lately consumed by the TUFFAN family. This has been fixed upon a long pole, with a placard underneath it, to the following effect:—

TAKEN FROM TUFFAN'S TABLE!
VOTE FOR PLEDGER, AND HONEST CONVICTIONS!

And the device is now being carried all over the Town by the Junior Liberal Association.

The polling takes place to-morrow. Both sides are confident, but, on the whole, after reviewing all the circumstances of the case as impartially as possible, taking into account everything that tells for or against both parties, and not forgetting the effect produced by the public secession of Mr. HONEYDEW, the tobacconist, and Ex-President of the Liberal 500, I am disposed to believe in the victory of Mr. PLEDGER; that is to say, unless Mr. TUFFAN should manage to secure a sufficient number of votes to defeat his opponent. Yours &c.,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

MR. PUNCH'S ELECTION ADDRESS.

To the Electors of the United Kingdom!
I, PUNCH, who shoot at follies, and have wing'd 'em
For fifty years, and shall for fifty more,
Greet ye! It were to force an open door
To ask ye one and all, to give your votes
To ME! There, there, my boys! don't strain your throats!
My tympanum is tender. *Punch* rejoices
To listen once more to "your most sweet voices,"
Only you need not howl and make them raucous.
I'm not a Party Nominee, no Caucus
Has wire-pulled Me! I'd like to see 'em do so!
I am *Man Friday* to no party *Crusoe*.
SALISBURY, GLADSTONE, BALFOUR, HARCOURT, GOSCHEN,
Are all on my Committee. MORLEY's notion
(Shared for the nonce by JOE the shrewd and able),
Is, that it's safe to sit at *my* Round Table,
Where they all hob-a-nob as friends, not foes!
E'en the MACULLUM MORE cocks not his nose
Too high in *Punch's* presence; he knows better!
Supremacy unchallenged is a fetter
E'en to patrician pride, provincial vanity;
Scot modesty, and Birmingham urbanity,
Bow at my shrine, because they can't resist.
Thus I'm the only genuine Unionist,
While all the same, my British Public *you*'ll err,
If you conceive I'm not a firm Home-Ruler.
Perpend! There's sense and truth in my suggestions,
And therefore, do not ask superfluous questions.
You might as fitly paint Dame Venus freckled,
As fancy *Punch* will stoop to being "heckled."
I have no "Programmes," I. My wit's too wide
To a wire-puller's "platform" to be tied.
I know what's right, I mean to see it done,
And for the rest good-tempered chaff and fun
Are my pet "principles"—till fools grow rash
From toleration, *then* they feel the lash.
I am a sage, and not a prig or pump,
Therefore I never canvas, spout or stump,
I'm Liberal—as the sunlight—of all Good,
Which to Conserve I strive—that's understood,
But Tory nincompoop, or rowdy Rad,
The thrall of bigotry, the fool of fad
I hate alike. There's the straight tip, my bloaters!
Now run and vote for *Punch*—all who are voters;
And if some few have not that boon indeed,
Well those who cannot run at least can *read*.
There! that's enough, my lads! I'm off to lunch,
You, go and do your duty; plump for PUNCH!!!

"SED REVOCARE GRADUM."

Beauty (with cool candour). "OH YES, INDEED, I FREQUENTLY MAKE BETS; BUT I AM SO UNLUCKY!"
Sporting Youth (trying to be sympathetic). "REALLY! BUT I SUPPOSE YOU NEVER HAVE MUCH ON—THAT IS—I MEAN——" [*Collapse.*

OTHERWISE ENGAGED!

(*A Sentimental Fragment from Henley.*)

AND so they sat in the boat and looked into one another's eyes, and found much to read in them. They ignored the presence of the house-boats, and scarcely remembered that there were such things as launches propelled by steam or electricity. And they turned deaf ears to the niggers, and did not want their fortunes told by dirty females of a gipsy type.

"This is very pleasant," said EDWIN.

"Isn't it?" replied ANGELINA; "and it's such a good place for seeing all the events."

"Admirable!" and they talked of other things; and the time sped on, and the dark shadows grew, and still they talked, and talked, and talked.

At length the lanterns on the river began to glow, and Henley put on its best appearance, and broke out violently into fireworks. It was then Mrs. GRUNDY spied them out. She had been on the look out for scandal all day long, but could find none. This seemed a pleasant and promising case.

"So you are here!" she exclaimed. "Why, we thought you must have gone long ago! And what do you say of the meeting?"

"A most perfect success," said he.

"And the company?"

"Could not be more charming," was her reply.

"And what did you think of the racing?" Then they looked at one another and smiled. They spoke together, and observed:—

"Oh, we did not think of the racing!"

And Mrs. GRUNDY was not altogether satisfied.

MEM. BY "ONE WHO MARRIED IN HASTE."—"The real 'Battle of Life' begins with a short engagement."

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *The Look-out, Sheepsdoor, Kent.*

MY rest at the seaside has done me such a world of good that I feel more lazy than ever! But I fear I am in danger of a relapse into excitement, owing to a letter I received a few days ago from an old military friend of mine, General ELECTION, in which he asks me to lend my *invaluable* assistance in "canvassing" for his nephew, the Hon. CHARLIE HULLOTHERE, who is standing for Sheepsdoor.—Ah, how little did I think that my reference to "canvas" shoes in my last letter would be so prophetic! The General is very gallant, and fully appreciates the usefulness of women in canvassing; and, in order to be quite "up to date," I have ordered in a large supply of gingerbread-nuts and oyster-shells, which I observe (see daily papers) are distributed as marks of respect among Candidates and their wives!

Having also heard that a Brass Band is indispensable (the more brass it is, the better), I have made friendly overtures (*musical*, of course) to the Sheepsdoor Purveyors of Brassharmony, with the flattering result that they now conclude every performance with my specially composed "*Election War Cry*"—the refrain of which is most effective when given by a chorus of trained Constituents!—

HullLo-there! / HullLo-there! / He's the man for us;
We respect him! / We'll elect him! / And we might do wuss!!

In fact, our Candidate is very popular, and is sure to "romp in an easy winner"—which is another puzzling racing expression, as, although I've seen plenty of horses indulge in a game of romps before the start (notably, *L'Abbé Morin*, in the "City"), they seem to have had more than enough of it before the finish!

I hear from Newmarket, that I missed an extremely pleasant week's racing—and although my selection for the Stud Produce Stakes was rather wide of the mark, I fairly hit the bullseye—(what a painful operation this must be for the bull)—in my one "*Song from the Birdcage*," which I warbled in the ear of a racing friend whom I met down here; it was *à propos* of the July Stakes and ran thus:—

The night was dark when "*Portland Bill*" escaped by Chesil Beach!
And hope beat high within his heart, that he the goal might reach!
For "*Milford*" Haven lies in sight!—one effort and he's there!
But see!—At last—he's caught!—he's passed!—just by the Judge's Chair!

Which really remarkable prophecy was fully borne out by the race, in fact, so close a description might almost have been written *after the race*—a great compliment to my powers of divination!

Next week takes us to Bibury and Stockbridge, and if this hot weather continues, the motto of the Club should be, "*Dum vivo Bibere*"—or, freely translated—"*Half* the soda, please!" The race to which I propose to give my attention is the Alington Plate, and as I am nothing if not thorough, you will see that my tip is influenced by my being at the Seaside? Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

ALINGTON PLATE SELECTION.

THE storm was raging through the night,
I tossed upon my pillow,
And pitied any luckless wight
Who tossed upon the "*Billow*!"

A SLIGHT MUDDLE.—"I hear," said Mrs. R., "that the Cassocks are performing at the Buffalo Bill place—though not knowing the gentleman personally, I would prefer calling him BUFFALO WILLIAM or WILLIAM BUFFELLOW, which would be a less outlandish name—and I confess I was astonished, as I always thought that Cassocks were Clergymen, or had something to do with the Clergy. I suppose I had connected them with Hassocks, which are always in Church, and were, I believe, invented by Mr. HASSOCK, or Squire HASSOCK, who made all his money by keeping a gate on the old Brighton Coach Road. The station is still called Hassock's Gate, in his memory. HER MAJESTY had all the Cassocks sent down to her at Windsor. They must have been quite worn out by the end of the day."

ELECTION FEVER. A CANDIDATE'S DREAM.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—Lohengrin. House full to hear Brother JOHN and Madame MELBA. "Please, Sir, Mr. JOHNNIE DE RISKY ain't here," blurts out the pale and trembling call-boy.

Sir AUGUSTUS calm, impassible. Crisis. If no one turned up, he would act the part himself, and, it being Wagnerian music, the orchestra would play what of the part had to be played. At that moment lounged in Monsieur VAN DYCK, just to see how things were going on without him. "I 'm a little hoarse to-night," quoth VAN DYCK, pleasantly. "Nonsense!" cries Sir DRURIOLANUS, cheerily, "a '*Van*' can never be a little hoarse." Much merriment. "DYCK, my boy," continues Sir D., "you 've come in the very nick of time—quite a Devil's Dyke, you are,"—the accomplished vocalist was in ecstasies at his Manager's joke,—"and you shall distinguish yourself to-night as *Lohengrin!*" Oh, what a surprise! No sooner said than done. Armour for one ordered immediately. ISAAC of York Street goes to work, and—presto!—VAN DYCK is "ready in case." "Now," asks DRURIOLANUS, "what are we waiting for?"

"Please, Sir, Madame MELBA isn't here!"

"MELBA not here to play *Elsa!*" exclaims Sir DRURIOLANUS, immediately adding, with that wit which is always, like the British Tar, 'Ready, aye ready!'—"then we must get somebody Else Sir!" and scarcely had the words escaped his lips, than Madame NORDICA, who happened to be passing by, sang out in an extempore recitative, "*Me voici!*" "*Bravissima!*" cried Sir DRURIOLANUS. "Saved! Saved!" General dance of joy.

So the Curtain was rung up, and the Opera, with Madame NORDICA (*vice* MELBA) as *Elsa*, and VAN DYCK (*vice* Little JOHNNIE THE RISKY) as *Lohengrin*, made a big success. House crowded. All's well that ends as well as this.

Tuesday with Mozart.—What a good starting idea for a Comic Opera would be the notion of making those two types of knaves, *Leporello* and *Figaro*, meet as counter-plotters. Monsieur MAUREL suggests a step in this direction, when one night he impersonates the gay Spanish Don, and on another he appears as the roguish Italian barber, no longer an intriguing bachelor but a jealous bridegroom. Merry Melodious MOZART! Old-fashioned he may be, like not a few of the best melodies and the best stories. Elegant Countess is Madame EMMA EAMES. Can she possibly ever have been *Rosina, Dr. Bartolo's* tricky ward! What a change matrimony makes in some folks! Old *Dr. Bartolo* bears not much resemblance to the other *Dr. Bartolo*, and *Don Basilio*, a kind of Ecclesiastical lawyer, is quite a rollicking wag as compared with the *Basilio* of the Barber of Seville. Nothing could be better than the *Susanna* of Mlle. TELEKI, or sweeter than the duet, heartily encored, between her and the *Countess*. EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ is a magnificent representative of the gloomily-jealous Count, who,

Cherubino takes the Chair at a small Meeting. A De Risky situation.

having once been the gayest of the gay, still retains something of his old sly-boots character in private. He is always going wrong, and always being in the wrong when found out: a Count quite at a discount, for whom there will perhaps be no rest until he is "par." with a family. Needless to say, the part was well acted and sung by Brother NED, whom a gentleman near me, who "knew all about it," mistook for his brother JOHN, and criticised accordingly. As *Cherubino*, Mlle. SIGRID ARNOLDSON is a delightfully boyish scapegrace, giving us just that *soupçon* of natural awkwardness which a spoilt sunny Southern lad of sixteen, brought up in such mixed society as is represented by *Count Almaviva's* household, would occasionally show when more than usually "spoony." Mlle. ARNOLDSON sings MOZART pure and simple, without interpolating cadenzas, roulades, flourishes, or exercises of musical fireworks, and the audience rewarded her artistically simple rendering of "*Voi che sapete*" with an *encore*, which was as hearty as it was well-deserved. Capital House. Parliamentary musicians conspicuous by their absence. Ex-M.P.'s represented in a body by Sir H-NRY EDW-RDS the evergreen.

Sir Druriolanus, M.P. (ressario) for Covent Garden.

It was reported in the House—the Opera House—that Sir DRURIOLANUS was standing; but for what Constituency, was not mentioned. The rumour was justified by his appearing at the Stall entrance, where he stood for some time, but as he finely observed, "I am not in search of a seat—in Parliament. No! Let who will make the people's laws, give me the bringing out for them of their Operas and Pantomimes." So saying, he bowed gracefully to nobody in particular (who happened to be talking to him), and, with a refreshing wave of the hand, Sir DRURIOLANUS was wafted away into the offing, and "lost to sight," while still "to memory dear."

Trumpet Note in advance.—The Trompeter of Sakkingen is announced as "in active preparation." Needless to say more, as, of course, he blows his own trumpet for himself. The question is, will it be a big trump in the hand of Sir DRURIOLANUS?

Saturday.—Elaine changed her mind, and wouldn't come out to-night.

NEW RENDERING OF "CONSULE PLANCO"—"CONSULT PLANCHETTE."—If "Planchette" can give such accurate information as it appears to have done at Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM's supper-party, and elsewhere, as recounted in the *Daily Telegraph*, why is it not at once put into general requisition? Why is there any Parliamentary debating? Why not use "Planchette?" Why run any chance of losing on a race, but simply "ask Planchette?" Only, by the way, if this were universal, and if

everyone is to win, who is to lose? Thus Planchette would put an end to nearly all speculation. Planchette would inaugurate a new era of complete and unqualified success. No doubt Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM consulted Planchette before producing *The Fringe of Society*, and is in consequence being amply rewarded for placing his trust in Planchette. Failure would be impossible except to the obstinate few who should persistently refuse to pin their faith on the utterances of "Planchette." But, suppose after doing enough to establish her reputation, "Planchette," being feminine and therefore "*varium et mutabile semper*," should suddenly deceive her followers, as did *Zamiel's* seventh charmed bullet (which ought always to have been kept up *Caspar's* sleeve—but *Caspar* was an idiot), and the Weird but Larky Sisters who captivated *Macbeth?* "Trust her not, she's fooling thee, Beware! Beware!" and Planchette, the little plank, will make more of her followers "plank down" than pick up gold and silver.

"Dearest Chuck!"—*Shakspeare.*

"*Mr. G.*" (*to the Ardent Female Supporter, henceforth to be historically known as "The Gingerbread-nut-Chucker"*):—

'TWAS all very well to dissemble your love,
But why chuck the nut in my eye?

[Mr. G. *is aware that the Divine* WILLIAMS *has spoken of ginger as "hot in the mouth," but* Mr. G. *says "he got it uncommonly hot in the eye."*]

"THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL."—Lord RANDOLPH in again for South Paddington. The First to arrive.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

Vinolia Soap.

Honest Soap almost sells itself, and does not require to have millions spent in advertising it. It has been advertised with moderation at home and abroad, and has probably the largest sale in the World.

Premier, 4d.; *Floral*, 6d. *Medical*, 8d.; *Toilet*, 10d.

ASK FOR

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

ALL WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS. AT EVERY BAR AND RESTAURANT.

CARLTON WHISKEY. RICHD. MATHEWS & CO. CARLTON TRADE MARK

ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

This Grand Old Whiskey is a blend of the produce of the most famous Highland Small Stills.

25s. the Gall., 50s. the Dozen. Cash only.

A single bottle, as a sample, will be sent, post free to any address on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 6d.

RICHD. MATHEWS & CO., 24 and 25, HART ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.
Sold by all LEADING MERCHANTS throughout INDIA and the COLONIES.

CLARET.

Special offer, worth Testing.

1000 doz. delicate 1888 Lamarque, 18s. per doz., delivered.

ARNOLD, PERRETT, & CO., LD., Family Wine Merchants, 7A, Lower Belgrave St., London, S.W.

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

EPPS'S CRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c.

PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN

A LUXURY FOR THE BATH INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY

THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP (BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL) MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES (LANCET)

TABLETS 6d/- SOLD EVERYWHERE

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY

THE

KODAK

Is a hand Camera especially designed for Amateurs. It is the most compact instrument made, and with it the largest number of exposures can be made with the least number of operations.

PICTURES SQUARE OR ROUND.

NO PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY IS NECESSARY.

"YOU PRESS THE BUTTON, WE DO THE REST."

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

The EASTMAN PHOTO MATERIALS CO., LTD., 115, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
Paris: 6, Place Vendôme. Nice: Place Grimaldi.

ERARD PIANOS & HARPS

(OWING TO REBUILDING)
At a Special Reduction during July only.
"THE Pianos for the Refined."
S. & P. ERARD, 18, Great Marlborough Street, W.

A REAL SEA-BATH IN YOUR OWN ROOM.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT.

PATRONISED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Should be used in every case of Debility, Rheumatism, &c., and for all children in the Daily Bath. Nothing so fortifies and invigorates the constitution. Of all Chemists, Grocers, &c. To avoid worthless and injurious substitutes—ask for TIDMAN'S.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

should take TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.). The only safe cure for Obesity. Send 2s. 6d. to TRILENE CO., 70, Finsbury Pavement, London.

NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER

For every a quarter of a century it has never failed to rapidly restore Grey or Faded Hair.

In arrests Falling, causes Luxuriant Growth, is permanent, and harmless.

In cases, 10s. 6d.; of Hairdressers and Chemists. Circulars can be had.

Wholesale, R. Hovenden & Sons, Berners St., W., and City Road, E.C., London.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "Collas."

CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Buy "Collas."
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE.
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE.
FROM FURNITURE,—CLOTH, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Try "Collas."
See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap.
Extra refined, nearly odourless.
On using, becoming quite odourless.

BENZINE COLLAS.—Ask for "Collas"
Preparation, and take no other.
Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle.
Agents: J. SANGER & SONS, 489, Oxford Street, W.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncé" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or fading Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

COLT'S NEW UNITED STATES NAVY REVOLVER

for House Protection, Travellers, and for Military Purposes, takes Eley's .38 cal. Express and all other .38 cal. Pistol Cartridges.

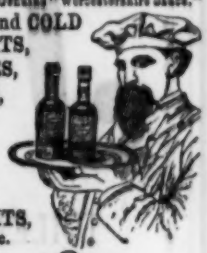
COLT'S LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES.
For Large and Small Game, Rook shooting, and Target Practice, are unsurpassed for accuracy and unequalled for rapidity of fire.

COLT'S REVOLVERS
carried off all the highest Prizes at Hiogo, Edinburgh, and Dublin in 1891. Price List free.
COLT'S FIREARMS CO., 26, Glasshouse St., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

The Original and Genuine "Worcestershire Sauce."

For HOT and COLD MEATS, GRAVIES, SALADS, SOUPS, GAME, FISH, WELSH RAREBITS, &c., &c.



Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every Bottle of the Genuine and Original.

BRILL'S SEA SALT.

1½d. per Bath. Bracing and Refreshing.

HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.

The Best Liqueur.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND

KROPP RAZOR

WARRANTED PERFECT

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

Black Handle, 5s. 6d. Ivory Handle, 7s. 6d.
A Pr., Ivory Handles, in Rus. leather case, 21s.
Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & Co., London, W.

LUXURIOUS FINE CUT BRIGHT TOBACCO.

The Real "Cup o' Kindness"

"BOS" WHISKY

42s. 45s. & 50s. Per Doz.

PEASE SON & Co. LEITH

The Lancet says:—"Would be assimilated with great ease."

The London Medical Record says:—"It is retained when all other foods are rejected."

GOLD MEDAL, Health Exhibition, London; HIGHEST AWARD, Adelaide, 1887.

BENGER'S FOOD

RETAIL IN TINS, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s., of Chemists, &c., everywhere. WHOLESALE OF ALL WHOLESALE HOUSES.

EXTRACT FROM PRIVATE LETTER.

"I have given BENGER'S FOOD solely for some time to my youngest child, now six weeks old (by doctor's directions), and am pleased to say its effect is marvellous—a dear boy could not be, and previous to taking this, nothing he took would digest."

HIGHEST AWARDS EVERYWHERE
London, Paris, Boston, Philadelphia, Santiago, Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Edinburgh, &c.

Pears' soap

FOR

TOILET and NURSERY.

Specially prepared for the delicate skin of Ladies & Children & others sensitive to the weather (Winter or Summer). Imparts and maintains a soft velvety condition of the skin.

FAIR WHITE HANDS.
BRIGHT CLEAR COMPLEXION.
SOFT HEALTHFUL SKIN.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Supplies a Daily Luxury—Dainties in Endless Variety—The Choicest Dishes and Richest Custard.

NO EGGS REQUIRED.

"Ashamed of His Dirty Cuffs."

Frayed Linen soils in half-an-hour. HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP will not fray your cuffs or jag the edges of your collars.

Anything washed with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP is thoroughly washed, therefore remains Much Longer Clean.

"The name Cadbury on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity."

Medical Annual.

Cadbury's cocoa

"The typical Cocoa of English Manufacture, Absolutely Pure."

The Analyst.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 20, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, July 9, 1892.